

### 4ShoMag: 55 Dubb

**Appearances:** Billy Arnold, Jerome Gooch, Quincy Graham, Derrick Kennedy, Arlandis Shy, Corey Bailey, Devon McClure – FRE 801(d)(2)(B) and 801(d)(2)(E)

**Non-Appearances:** Michael Rogers, Devon Patterson, and Jeffrey Adams – FRE 801(d)(2)(E)

**Relevance:** In this music video, co-defendants Billy Arnold, Quincy Graham, a/k/a “Dubb,” Jerome Gooch, Corey Bailey, Arlandis Shy, Derrick Kennedy, and other SMB associates appear in this rap video, which is shot at a strip club. Graham, amongst others, is seen on stage throwing cash. The song explains how when the SMB members need to buy new, expensive things they make and sell drugs, stating “whip it up... in da kitchen,” referring to cooking crack cocaine. This video shows the wealth that comes from the enterprise’s activities. While the SMB members are throwing cash, they are describing their designer clothes (True Religion jeans), watches (Rolexes or “Rollis”), and cars. The rap also discusses how the SMB enterprise protects its wealth with a “choppa...full automatic,” referring to an automatic firearm.

At the end of the video, the rap track shows what appears to be a back room at the strip club with females and some SMB members hanging out while a money counter processes piles of money. An unknown person in the video yells out that there is “\$68,000” in the room. This video shows the participants’ gang affiliation including (1) wearing red clothes; (2) referencing “55;” and (3) even the strippers wearing SMB insignia.

### Lyrics:

INTRO:

**Graham:** What’s going down? Greatest show on Earth. Hey, look look. Hey. Why you ain’t tell me you put that shit up? I ain’t find out until today. Swear to God I ain’t find out til today. That shit cold as fuck bro. Huh? That shit cold. Uh. It’s about to go down tonight. You should’ve been here if you not. I don’t even wanna talk about it.

**Chorus:**

Wonder why it’s [texting] bout to fill up

Now I'm out here in the streets tryna get it up  
All these fucking bands come from whipping up  
Now these thuggies got these bitch tryna give up  
I need that new Rolli so I whip it up  
I need that new baller so I whip it up  
Need a new AP so I whip it up  
Now these 30s got your bitch tryna give it up

All I know is profit, hit the bag topic,  
Got a True Religion problem, I can have church in my closet  
I fuck niggas hoes, that's why they out to get me  
That's why I get the .40 but the clip hold 50  
I eat lunch at Benny's and then I rap [UI]  
My flex's one day average quick and can't afford it  
Jumping out the gym, my word jumping like Jordan  
Get the work and I have some bad naked hoes sorted  
Speeding in the [UI], got your bitch open like a letter  
I get cheddar, boy you stuck like feathers  
And I'm hot like peppers, I'm a flexer  
All these diamonds yeah I'm looking like a checker  
[UI], make it rain, I change the weather  
Then I treat you like Chris Webber

**Chorus:**

Wonder why it's texting bout to fill up  
Now I'm out here in the streets tryna get it up

All these fucking bands come from whipping up  
Now these thuggies got these bitch tryna give up  
I need that new Rolli so I whip it up  
I need that new baller so I whip it up  
Need a new AP so I whip it up  
Now these 30s got your bitch tryna give it up

These bitches all on me soon as I hit the entrance  
Heard a lot of boys Josh, you must have been missing  
Most of these niggas hate me cause I'm fucking all they bitches  
Crazy niggas [UI] hoes, you make that bitch your mistress  
Bitch I be a bizness, all about the dolla  
Gucci, Louie, Ferragamo or I rock Prada  
Let a nigga Block, so I'm a solve the problem  
Blues in that major league like I'm plug with a dodger  
I [UI] with a doctor cause I don't bust the scripts  
You ain't got the balls to shoot so you ain't busting shit  
I wear ice style Rolli's and Louie checkered print  
Got the 30 on the nose and on the side of the tent... bitch

Wonder why it's texting bout to fill up  
Now I'm out here in the streets tryna get it up  
All these fucking bands come from whipping up  
Now these thuggies got these bitch tryna give up  
I need that new Rolli so I whip it up  
I need that new baller so I whip it up

Need a new AP so I whip it up

Now these 30s got your bitch tryna give it up

Let's go, this what you get from whipping up

I'm in that kitchen nigga tryna get it watch me bubble up

That bag dropping, ain't no question I'ma get it off that work

Coming in, good as gone, it's already bought

That's us cutting up that traffic, and that whole car strapped

So if you want it you could have it

I like choppas with the 6, fully automatic

I like Cali, yeah that cookie, I like .40s, not dabbers

Duh, trying hard not to jack it

Take a flight to Cali then we dipping off to new Galaxy

Got [UI] for the low and you know I gotta grab it

Get you snow, have you whipping up that magic

Wonder why it's texting bout to fill up

Now I'm out here in the streets tryna get it up

All these fucking bands come from whipping up

Now these thuggies got these bitch tryna give up

I need that new Rolli so I whip it up

I need that new ballers so I whip it up

Need a new AP so I whip it up

Now these 30s got your bitch tryna give it up

Whip it up

Cuz I whip it up

Cuz I whip it up

**Graham:** We paid. You know it, that simple. Whatever we spend. \$50,000, \$100,000, in the mother fucking club, we can afford to do it cause we ain't bring it all with us. Simple. Lot of niggas don't like to spend they money. We love to spend our money. We can't take none of this shit with us. No. Ain't no armored trucks pulling up at no funerals. It's simple.

Exclusive, RJ, turn up

I woke up like I was shot today

I might just burn my cool a block a gay

Gucci, Louie, Prada, YSL for days

I might just throw the 30s in my yays

My chain cost a half of check

And my crib cost a whole ticket

When I wanna shop at Somerset or Linux

If I want it I'm a buy it nigga fuck the ticket

It's mandatory

It's mandatory

It's mandatory

Blowing bands at the Louie store, it's mandatory

Throwing bands at the stripper hoes, it's mandatory

Bitch I woke up on four-gi-os,

Nigga hit my line cuz I'm fronting loads

Tryna get straight cuz I flip weight

No Ludacris but I'm throwing bows

Nigga hit the dub through 20 racks

Shooting jump shots, I'm scoring hoes  
I make a dub like every week  
You scoring dollars, I'm scoring O's  
My Gucci shooter nigga straight to hell  
No Mae West and I'm instrumental  
I ain't talking about safe sex,  
Been Mac shots straight in this window  
Me and Peezy P in the bizzle  
Rap niggas gettin sentimental  
Sending shots at his whole squad  
Have the biggest niggas be getting lit  
Thousand dollars for every show, twelve hundred for every pole  
Forty K for a whole brick, Fifteen hundred for every O  
Straight loud when the lane blow  
I asked a nigga like Mary ho  
I play the rules for the fucking game  
Try not to cheat like a Mario

My chain cost a half of check  
And my crib cost a whole ticket  
When I wanna shop at Somerset or Linux  
If I want it I'ma buy it nigga fuck the ticket  
It's mandatory  
It's mandatory  
It's mandatory  
Blowing bands at the Louie store, it's mandatory

Throwing bands at the stripper hoes, it's mandatory

True shirt under the H belt

Got me ballin hard like the Lakers

If I want your bitch I can take her

Have her doing things you don't make her

Like getting head while I'm speeding, bending

(Voices overlapping)

Sixty-eight thousand in this bitch

(Voices overlapping)

Ten thousand more

(Voices overlapping)

At the end of the night.

(Voices overlapping)

Exactly, exactly. I need some ones downstairs.

(Voices overlapping)

And my crib cost a whole ticket

When I wanna shop at Somerset or Linux

If I want it I'ma buy it nigga fuck the ticket

It's mandatory

It's mandatory

It's mandatory

Blowing bands at the Louie store, it's mandatory

Throwing bands at the stripper hoes, it's mandatory

Okay I ball hard but I work harder

Bitches know, pockets green like piccolo

Got a two liter, bout to sip a four

Jewelry game like a Christmas show

Lighten up, niggas came up

Selling crack rocks,

My bumps make you think I hit a lit

My Rolex called jackpot

I cash out, no hesitations

These hoes know a nigga weighed up

Walking in the club, Gucci head to toe

Like fuck a bro nigga day up

But I love to shine, I love to cop

My baby mama she love to shop

Made a promise when I get like me,

Snowplay to play I'm like – FUCK [UI]